

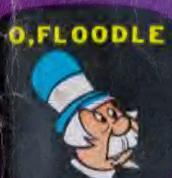


GIANT
HARVEY
COMICS
SIZE

FEB. No. 19

25c

HOT STUFF SIZZLERS



A new show on **ABC** TV

NEW **Casper** CARTOON SHOW



SEE US ON
ABC-TV NETWORK
EVERY SATURDAY
MORNING



© HARVEY FAMOUS CARTOONS

BOYS! EARN BIG MONEY AND GREAT FREE PRIZES! sell *The National Observer* each week



It's fun and easy to sell. Your friends and neighbors will want to buy your copies of AMERICA'S FAVORITE FAMILY NATIONAL WEEKLY, *The National Observer*. It's published by Dow Jones & Company, Inc. who also publish *The Wall Street Journal*.

EARN UP TO 15c PROFIT on every copy you sell, and WIN FREE prizes too.

A swell Varsity basketball, official size football, 80 mph midget racer, Hornet flying model, only some of the TERRIFIC BONUS PRIZES NATIONAL OBSERVER YOUNG SALESMEN WIN.

GET STARTED IN A PROFITABLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN RIGHT AWAY.
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

MAIL
TODAY

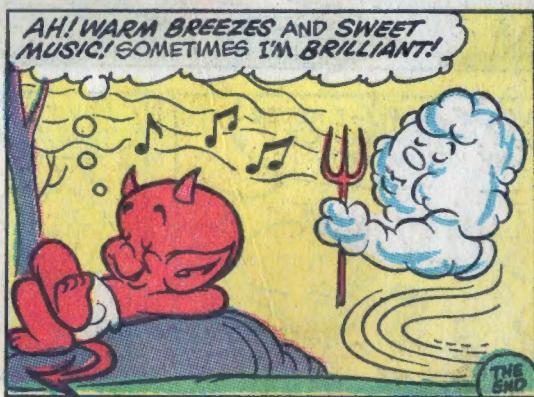
HC1

Tom McGee, Manager
NATIONAL OBSERVER Young Salesmen Program
44 Broad Street
New York, New York 10004

I want to earn money and have a profitable business of my own. Please start me as a NATIONAL OBSERVER Young Salesman.

NAME _____
STREET & NO. _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____





HOT STUFF

THE LITTLE DEVIL

I...GUESS I
ATE TOO MUCH
ICE CREAM...

THANKS FOR
COMING TO
THE PARTY,
HOT STUFF--
ARE YOU SURE
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT?

IT'S JUST
A LITTLE
HEADACHE...
THANKS...

G'BYE!

OH, IT'S MY FAULT FOR
LETTING HIM HAVE
SO MUCH ICE CREAM!

DON'T FEEL
SO BAD,
PRINCESS
CHARMA!

I'M GOING TO BRING
HIM AN ICE BAG FOR
HIS HEADACHE!

GOOD IDEA!

OH, HOT STUFF!
HOW'S YOUR
HEADACHE?!

IT'S GOING NOW,
CHARMA!
THANKS!

THAT'S
FINE!

-ANYWAY I BROUGHT
YOU AN ICE BAG
IN CASE IT HADN'T
GONE AWAY!

AN ICE BAG?!-I NEVER
USE AN ICE BAG FOR
MY HEADACHES!!

HAW!

WHAT
THEN...??

THIS
CURED
ME...

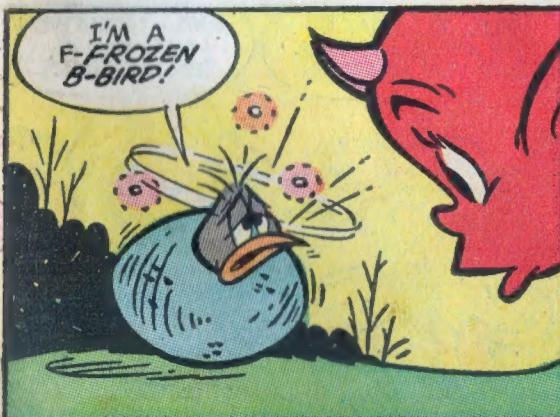
A HEAD BAG
WITH LIVE
COALS!!

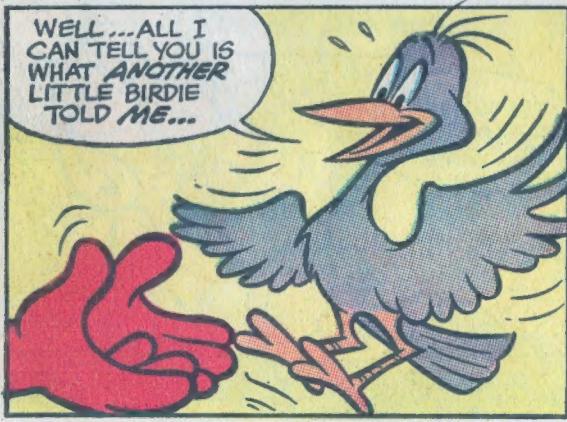
THE
END

HOT STUFF

THE LITTLE DEVIL

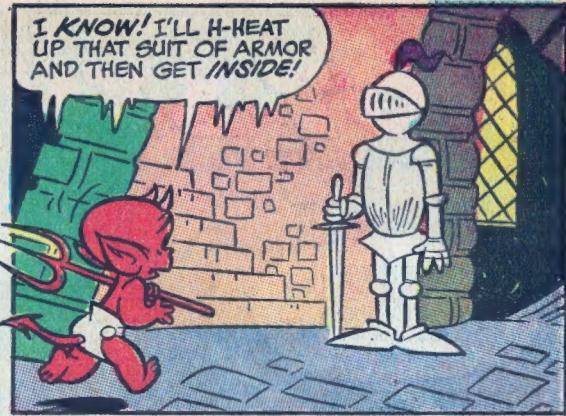
IN THE COLD
COLD
COLD
CASTLE







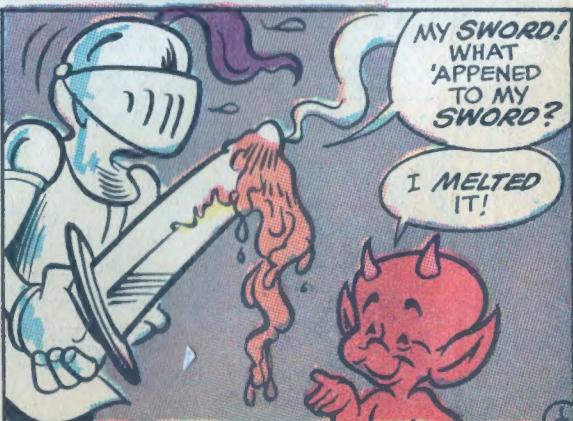
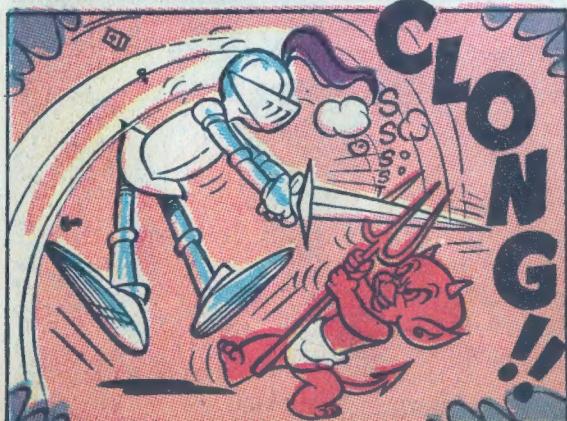
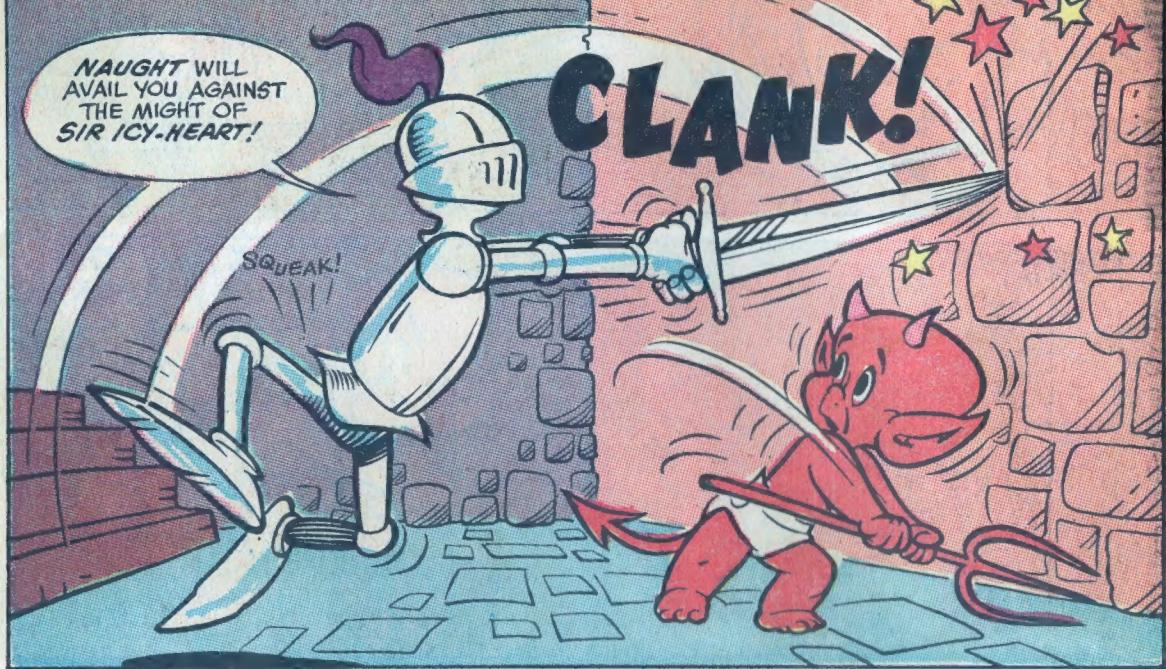




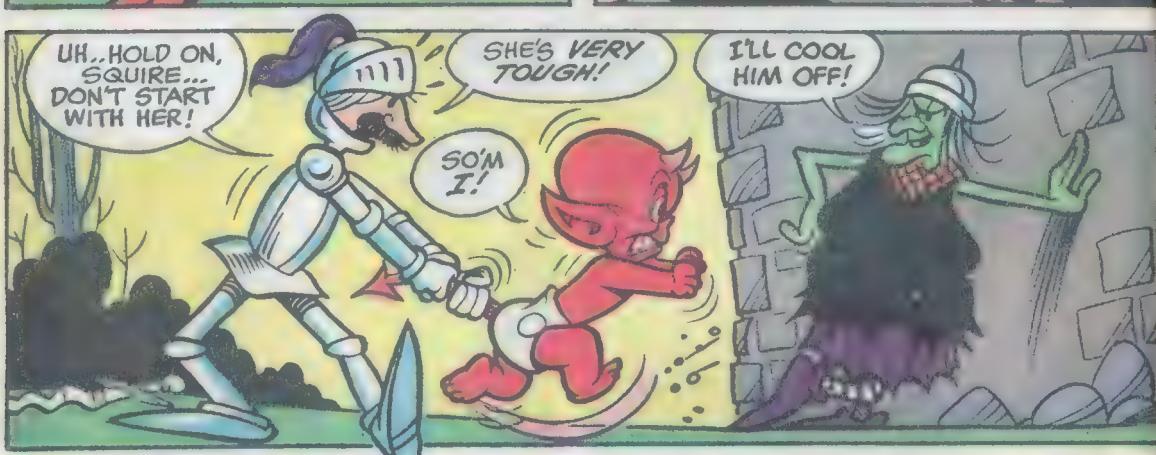
CONTINUED IN THIS ISSUE

HOT STUFF™ THE LITTLE DEVIL

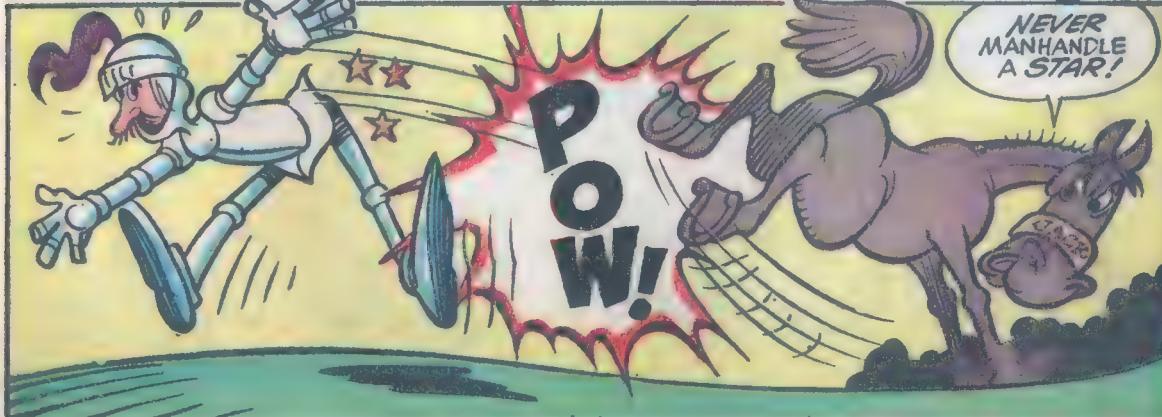
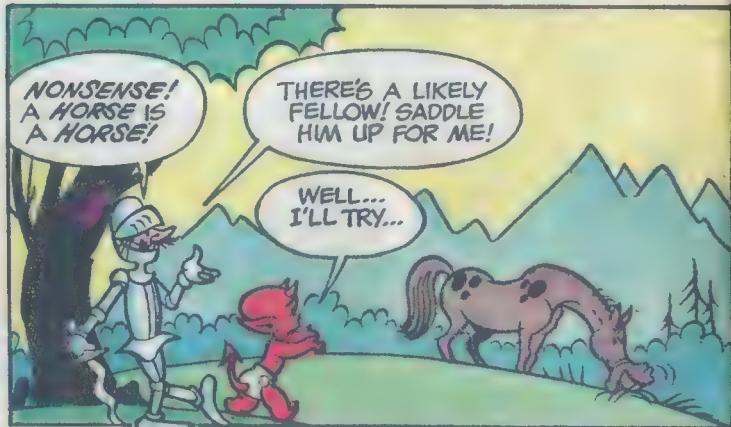
in **The Old Knight**
and **THE OLD CROW**











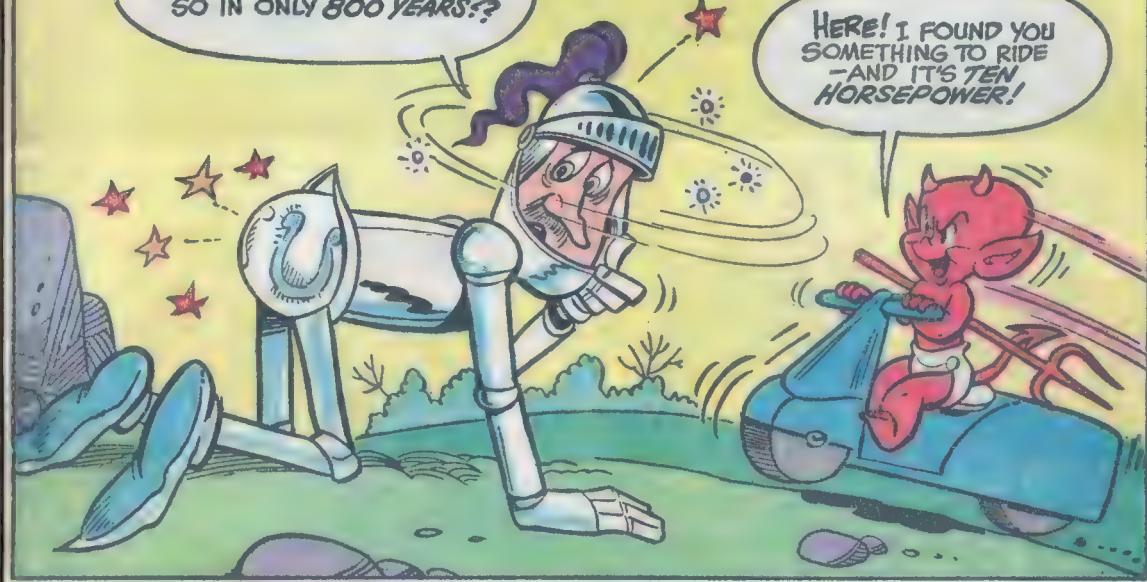
CONTINUED IN THIS ISSUE

HOT STUFF® THE LITTLE DEVIL

"The Great Joust"

EEGADS! HOW CAN
HORSES HAVE CHANGED
SO IN ONLY 800 YEARS??

HERE! I FOUND YOU
SOMETHING TO RIDE
—AND IT'S TEN
HORSEPOWER!



WELL, I MUST SAY
THIS IS VERY
SMOOTH!

GALLOPS
BETTER THAN
A HORSE!

BETTER!!



CAW-
HAW!

WELL, ICKY! I SEE
YOU'RE READY TO
DO BATTLE!

NO! I'M NOT!
I HAVEN'T ANY
LANCE!

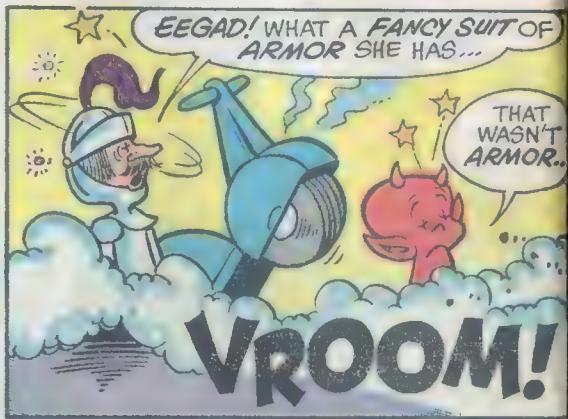
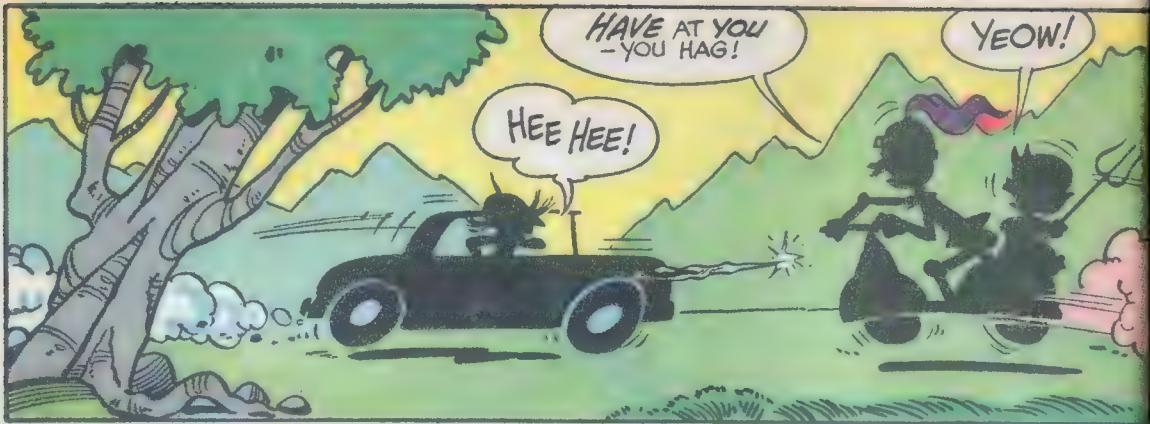


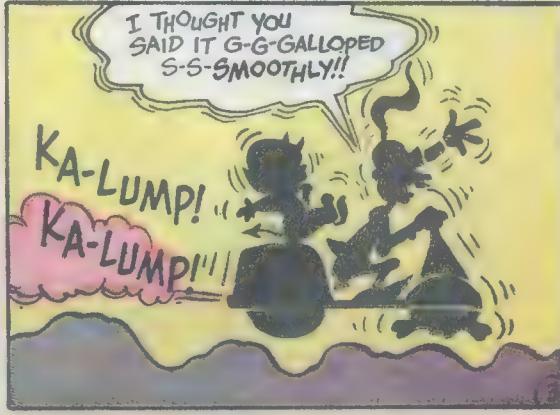
WELL-READY OR
NOT- HERE I COME!!

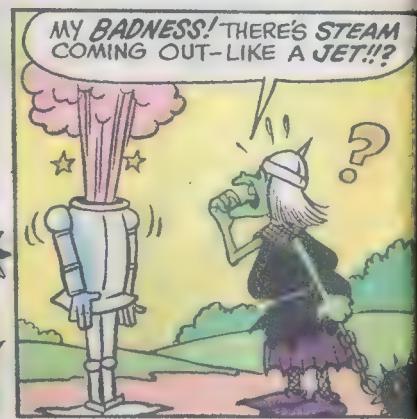
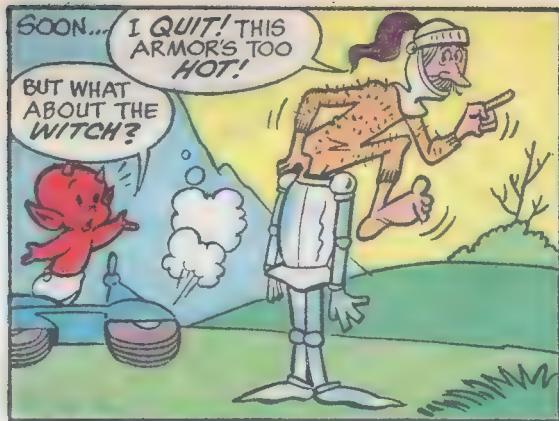


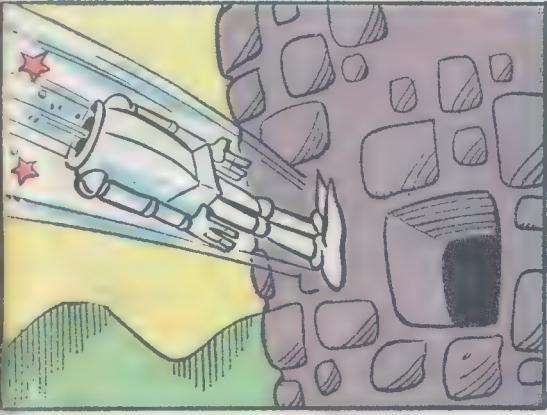
CHARGE!









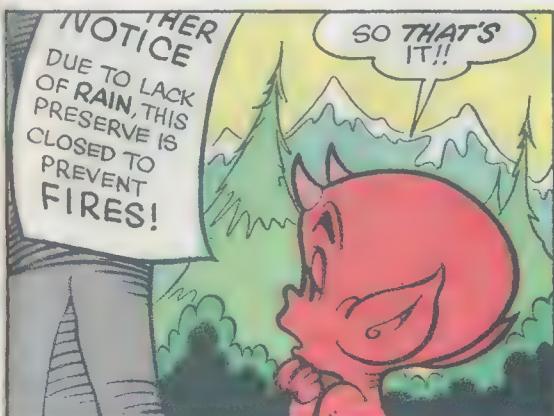




HOT STUFF

THE LITTLE DEVIL

"NATURE PRESERVER"



TWO BULL MOOSE—FIGHTING!
THEIR SCRAPING HORMS ARE
MAKING SPARKS AND
SETTING LITTLE FIRES!

CLACK

BANG!



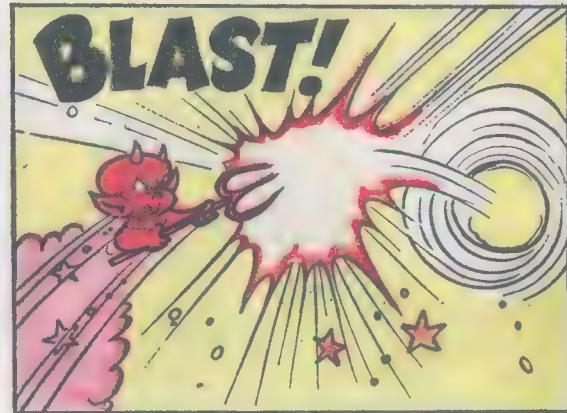
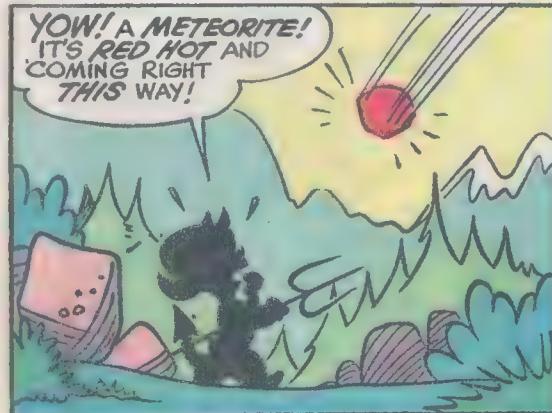
HEY! CUT OUT
THAT FIGHTING!

YOU'RE
MAKING
FIRES!

CLACK!

STOMP!
STOMP!









THE END

SLUMP

Marty stepped up to the plate, his heart thudding painfully against his ribs. His palms were wet with perspiration as he clutched the bat ...

"Stree-ike one!" yelled the umpire.

Marty gripped the bat even tighter. He could feel his muscles tensing, and he tried desperately to relax. He *had* to relax! He *had* to ...

"Stree-ike two!" called the ump.

The pitcher grinned as the catcher tossed the ball back to him. He could afford to smile, Marty thought bitterly. He was ahead of the game now. His whole team was ahead ... two to one. While Marty's team was depending on *him*. There was a man on second with two men out. One hit ... one good, solid hit ... would tie up the ball game, would put the Blue Jays back in the running. And it was all up to him ...

"Ball one!" the umpire signaled.

The tension eased a bit. "No need to get excited!" Marty told himself prayerfully. "The guy's still afraid to pitch to me, to throw me anything good! That shows I've still got the old stuff ..."

"Stree-ike three!" bawled the ump. "You're out!"

The bat slipped from Marty's nerveless fingers. What a fool he'd been even to hope! It was gone ... all gone ... and he'd known

it all along. Deep in his heart, he'd known it. With dragging feet, he shuffled over to his shortstop's position as the teams changed sides. None of his teammates spoke to him and he said nothing to any of them. What was there to say? Once he'd been the star. Now he was a failure ... hitless in his last twelve times at bat. Yes, this last one had made it an even dozen. He was through ... and he knew it.

The Blue Jay's pitcher retired the other side in order, and the inning was over. One more, and the ball game would be over too. "Take me out, Mr. Holt," Marty mumbled to the Blue Jay's manager as he entered the dugout. "Let somebody else finish the game. Take me out before I foul the team up with my fielding too."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Holt. "You're the best shortstop in the Little League, Marty, and you know it!"

"Yeah ... and the worst hitter!" Marty retorted bitterly. "Let's face it, Mr. Holt. I'm washed up!"

"Why, you whining, self-pitying little brat!" roared the manager. "Who do you think you are? Roy Campanella, Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst ... the biggest names in the major leagues can have their slumps! But not the great Marty Ferris! When he slumps, he wants to quit!"

"Who wants to quit?" Marty yelped furiously. The manager's anger had done what no amount of sympathy could ever have accomplished. "By the time this season is over, I'll be leading the league in hits!" And suddenly, somehow, he knew it was true ...

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



WISHING WELL

"Whoever drops a penny into the wishing well and wishes hard . . . whoever believes in the wishing well . . . will have his wish come true."

That was what the sign said . . . in big, bold letters. Maryjane stared at it long and hard . . . till she knew every word of it by heart. "I believe in the wishing well!" she whispered aloud. "I truly believe with all my heart!" Slowly her hand uncurled. *Plink* went her penny as it dropped down . . . down . . . down into the dark depths of the murky water.

"I wish," said Maryjane, closing her eyes tight, "I wish I had a way to get Mama an anniversary present . . . something to make her really happy . . . like she used to be . . . before Daddy went away . . ."

Slowly . . . oh, so slowly, she opened her eyes. But nothing had changed. There was the well with its mystic sign. There was the sun streaming down at her, the bright green grass, the nodding cornflowers. Everything was exactly the same. Maryjane didn't know exactly what it was she'd expected to happen, but somehow she was dreadfully disappointed. Disconsolately, she turned away from the wishing well and started the long walk back home, her feet scuffing sadly along the ground.

You see, Maryjane's father was in the Army. He was a doctor, and the Army needed him, so he was called back into serv-

ice. But Maryjane and her mother needed him too . . . especially her mother. Oh, she had tried hard to be brave, but it was two whole years now that Doctor Parsons had been away. And Maryjane's mother was terribly sad and lonely without him. Maryjane had tried hard to take her Daddy's place, but of course it wasn't the same. Mrs. Parsons pretended to be bright and cheerful, but Maryjane knew better.

All these things were in her mind as she scuffed along the dusty country road. They were in her mind today especially because today was her mother's and father's wedding anniversary. And she hated to go home without even a gift to lighten her mother's heart. "I'll go to the post office first," she decided. "Maybe there'll be a letter from Daddy."

And sure enough, when she reached the post office, there was a letter waiting. Clutching it tight in her hand, Maryjane ran all the way home. This would make the anniversary day at least a little more pleasant for Mama, she thought happily.

But she was hardly prepared for what happened when her mother read the letter! Laughing and crying at the same time, Mrs. Parsons threw her arms around her daughter. "He's coming home!" she sang. "Daddy's coming home! To stay! Oh, Maryjane darling, this was the best anniversary present you could have brought me!"

Anniversary present! Why, so it was. Not exactly what she'd had in mind, of course, but . . . "It came true!" shouted Maryjane. "I believed, AND MY WISH CAME TRUE!"

SAD SACK



STUMBO "The Giant"

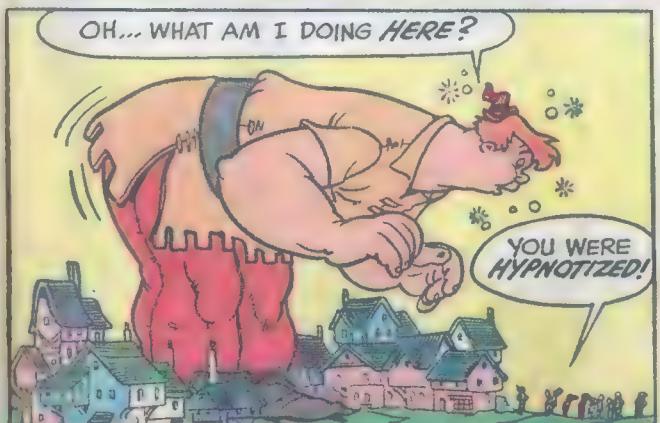
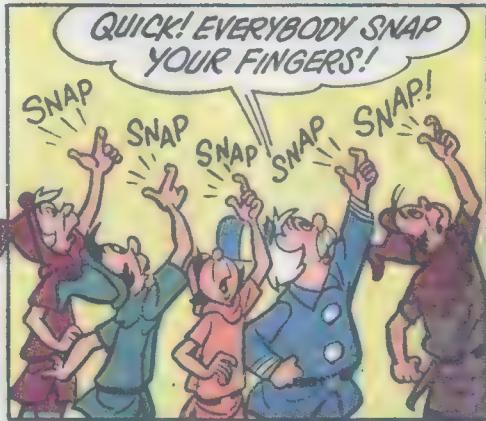
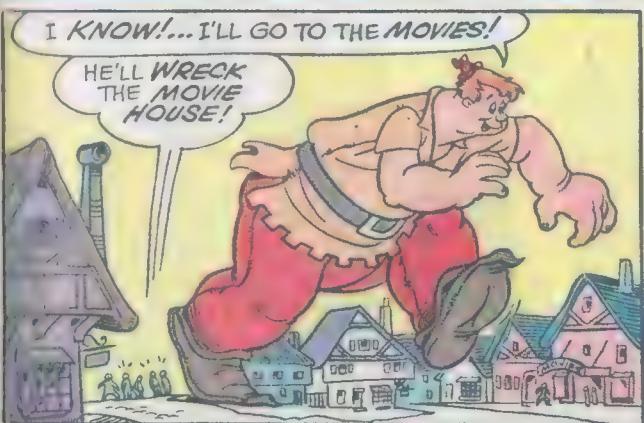
IN

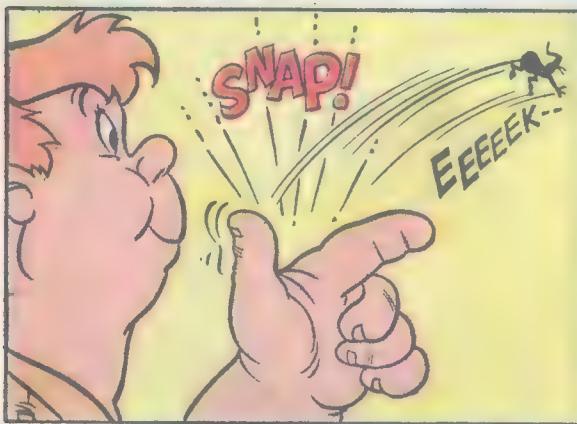
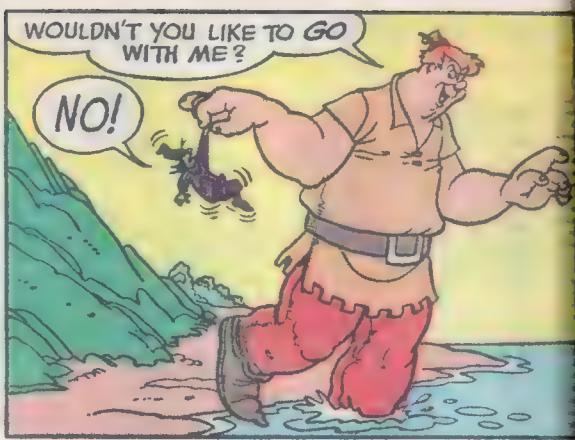
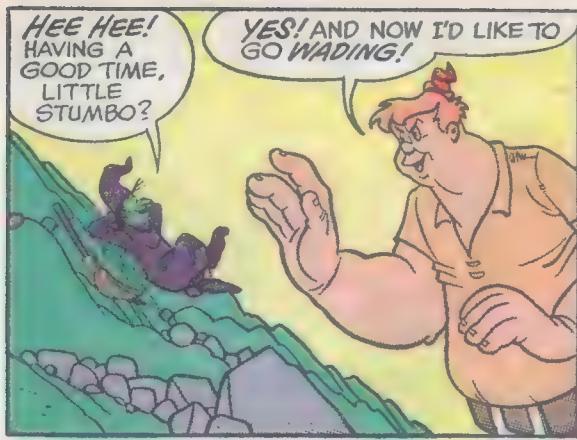
THINK LITTLE

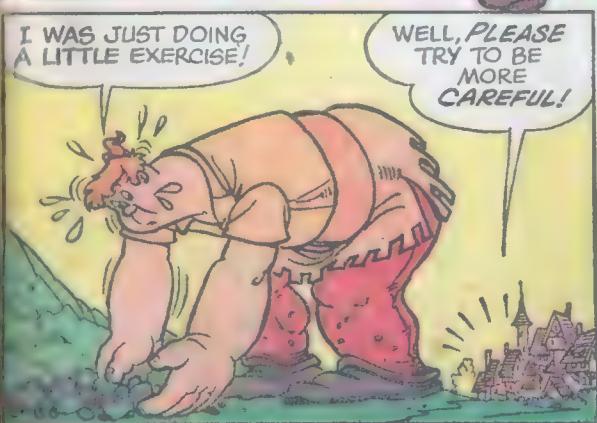
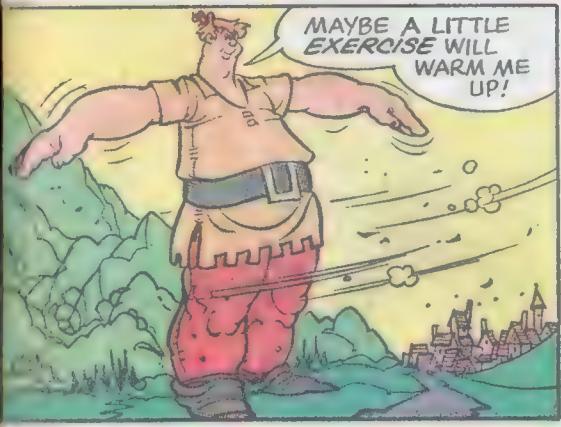




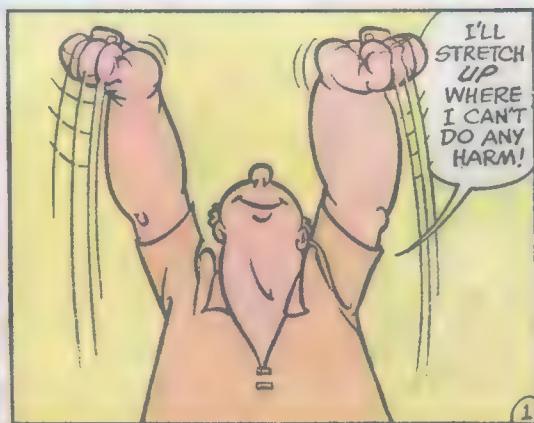


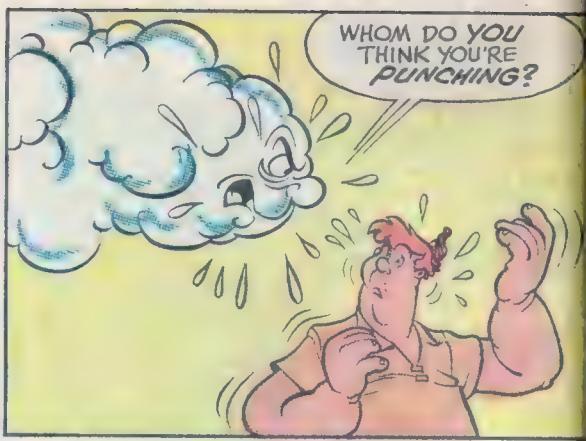


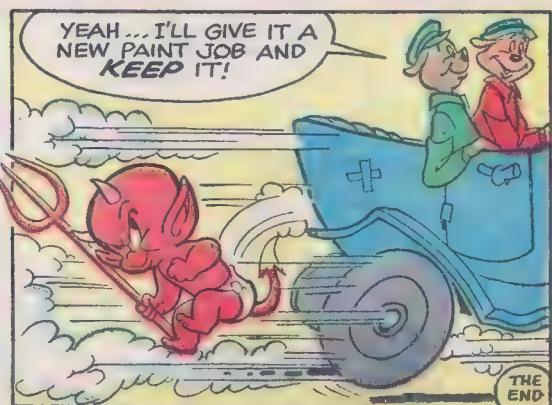
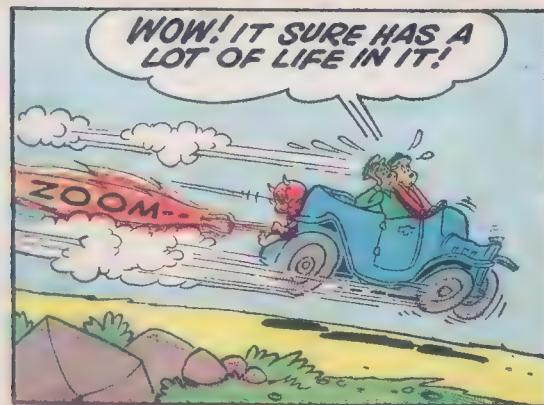
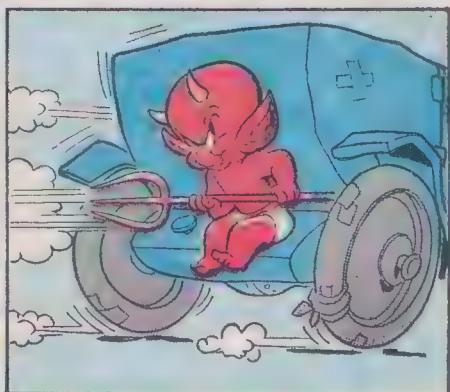


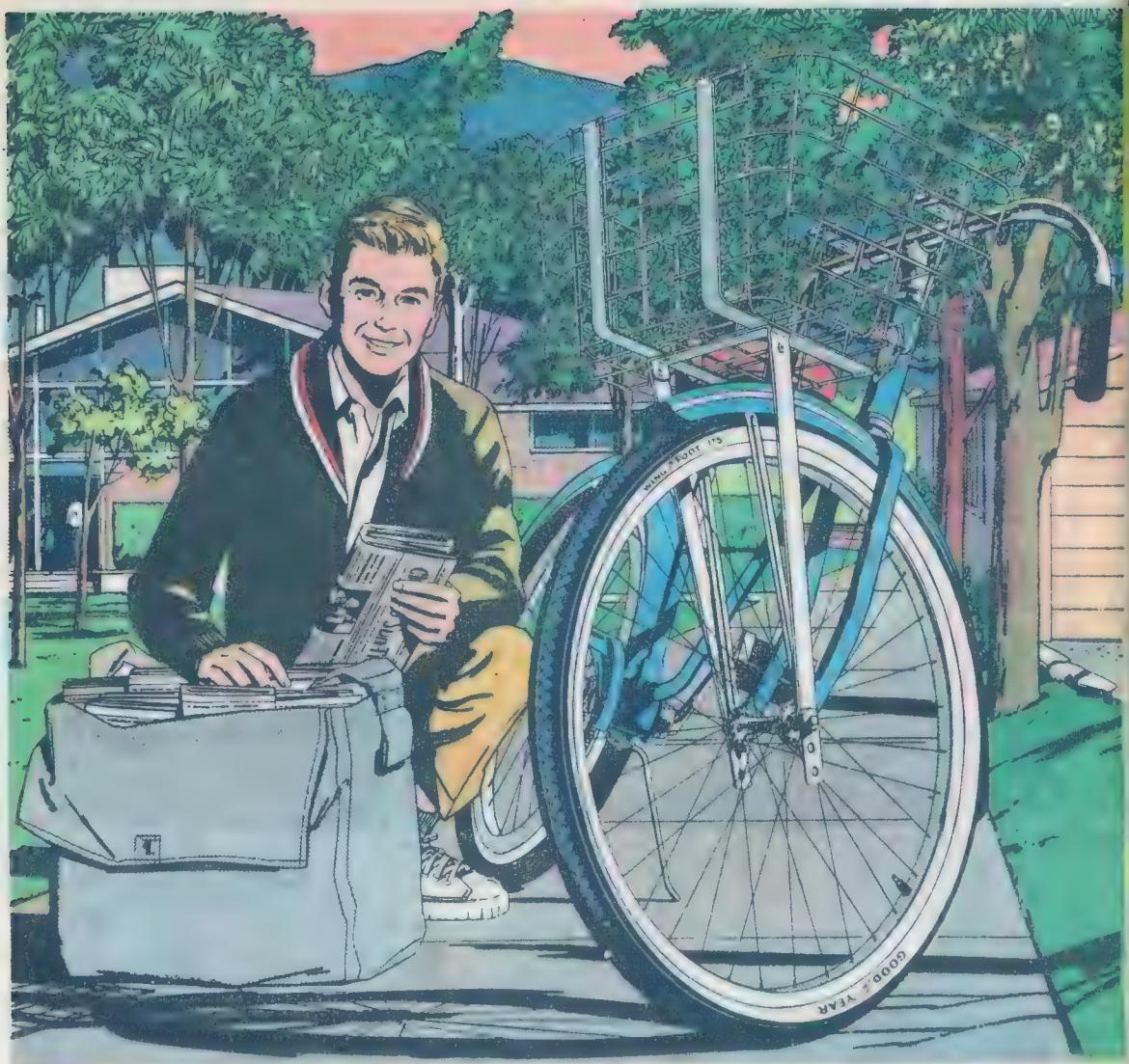


WELL, PLEASE TRY TO BE MORE CAREFUL!









Meet the middleweight champ, the Wingfoot "175." Especially made for middleweight bikes, and toughened with Tufsyn.

Not a patch in a thousand miles

(No wonder new Goodyear Bike Tires with Tufsyn are good news to newsboys)

For their Chicago Sun-Times and Tribune, quite a few people in Villa Park, Ill., depended on Dennis Johnsen. And Dennis depended on his bike to get the papers delivered on time . . . seven days a week.

So to this 14-year-old businessman, tires were mighty important. The Goodyear bike tires he rode on kept him rolling along for eighteen months. And in all that time . . . more than a thousand miles . . . they never had to be patched.

Great as this record is, you're likely to surpass it with the Goodyear bike tires you buy today. Because now they're made with TUFSTYR, the same super-tough rubber Goodyear uses in auto tires.

Whether you have a paper route or not, you'll get more out of your bike if it's equipped with Goodyear tires. Let your dealer help you select the Goodyear that's best for your bike. Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron, Ohio 44316.

GOOD STYLING

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Tufsyn, Wingfoot—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

HOT STUFF™ IN THE LITTLE DEVIL

OUCH!

AND STAY OUT!
CANDYLAND'S NO
PLACE FOR
MISCHIEFMAKERS!

WELL, I'M A MISCHIEFMAKER
AND I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE
ANYONE THROW ME OUT!



OH, BOY! WHAT A RECEPTION!
A JELLY-APPLE!



I LOVE
JELLY-APPLES!!

HEY! CUT
THAT OUT!!



WHO SAID
THAT???

I DON'T SEE
ANYBODY!!



MUST'VE BEEN
MY IMAGINATION!

NOW FOR THAT
NICE BIG BITE...



OUCH! I SUDDENLY GOT A TOOTHACHE!

SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR HAVING SUCH A SWEET TOOTH!



MY GOSH! IT'S A LIVE JELLY-APPLE!

NATCH, STUPID! ALL THE CANDY PEOPLE THAT LIVE IN CANDYLAND ARE ALIVE!



HE HURT HIS SWEET TOOTH GANG!

HA-HA-HA-HA!



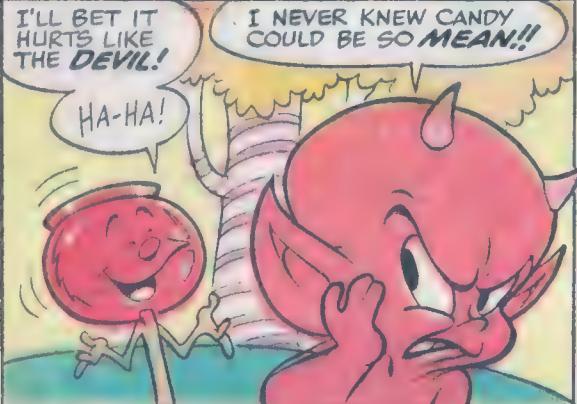
IF THIS NERVE WASN'T KILLIN' ME, I'D SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO!



I'LL BET IT HURTS LIKE THE DEVIL!

I NEVER KNEW CANDY COULD BE SO MEAN!!!

HA-HA!



ALL YOU REALLY NEED IS A DENTIST!

FOLLOW US!



THAT'S NO DENTIST'S OFFICE- IT'S THE CITY HALL!

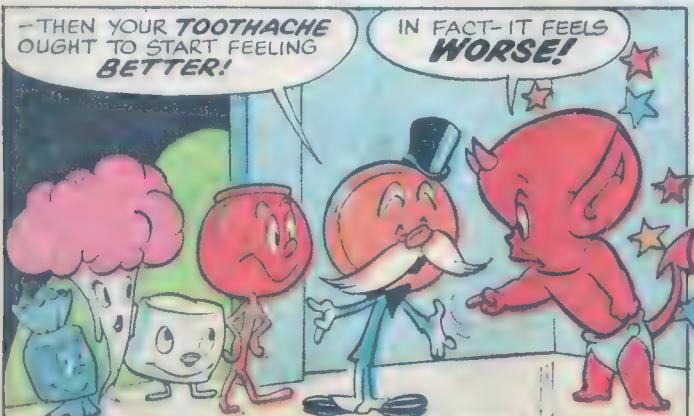
YES! THE MAYOR IS A DENTIST, TOO! HE'S GOT LOTS OF PULL!

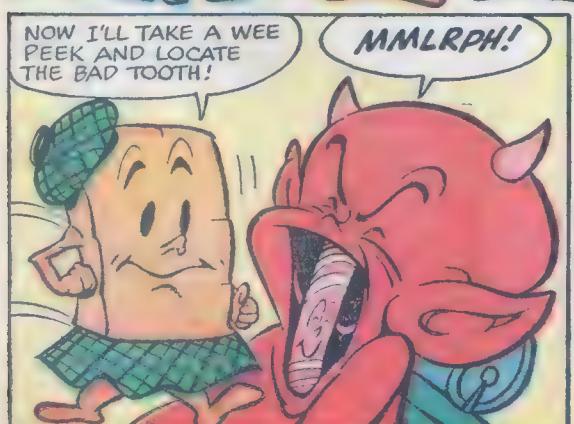
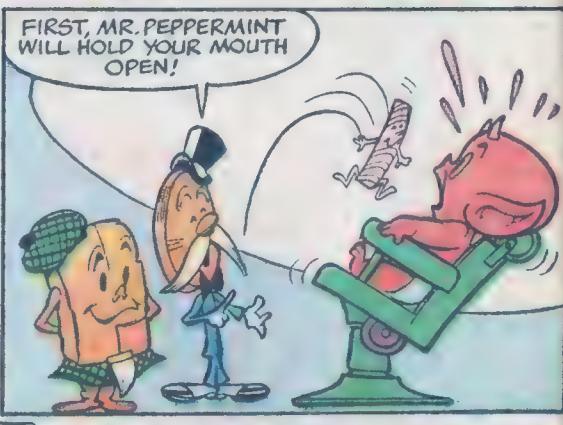
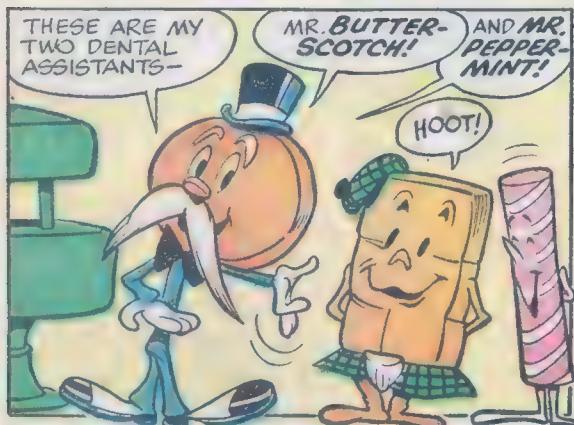
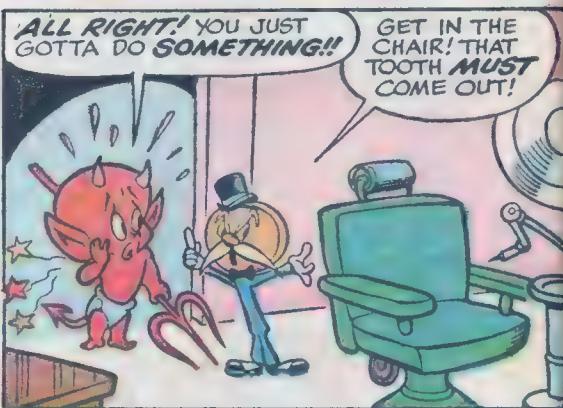


MAYOR, THIS FELLER'S GOT A TOOTHACHE FROM TRYING TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF ME!

THE MAYOR LOOKS MORE LIKE AN ALL DAY SUCKER!





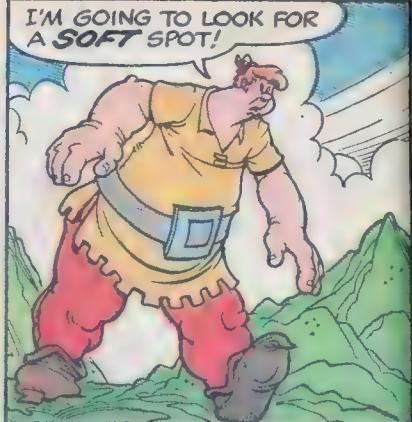


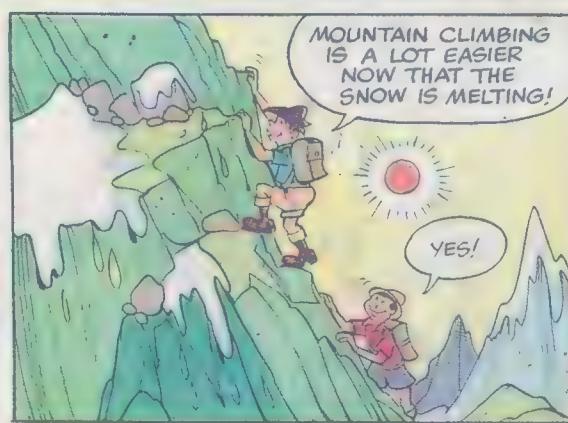
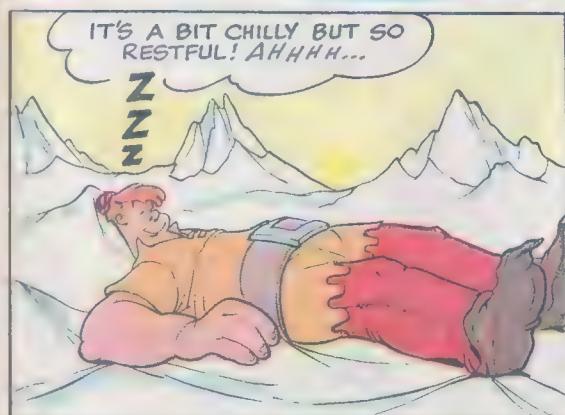
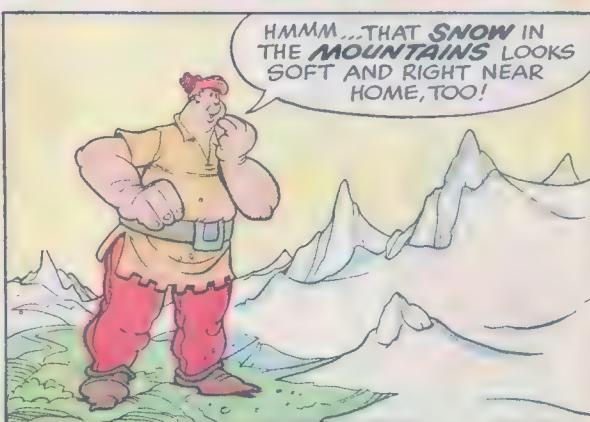
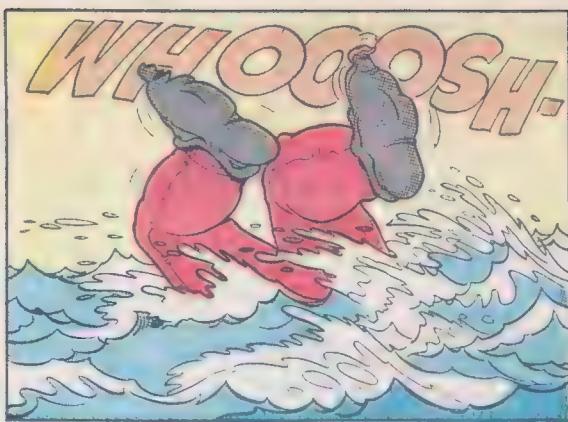
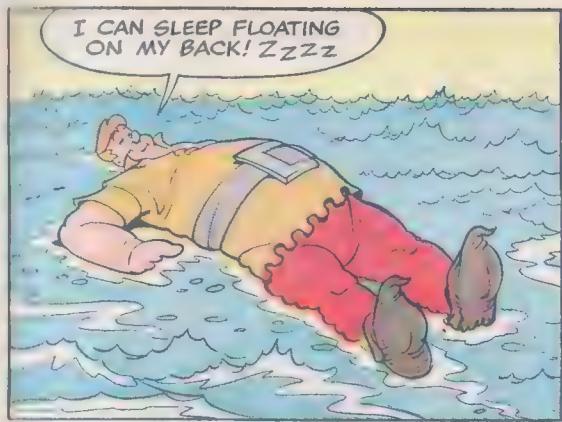


STUMBO



GEE... THIS GROUND IS MUCH TOO HARD TO LIE ON...





HOT STUFF THE LITTLE DEVIL

"IN PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT"

STOP PICKING
ON ME! WHAT A
BUNCH OF CREEPS!



IT SEEMS LIKE
ALL I'VE BEEN
DOING IS FIGHTING
WITH THOSE GOONS!

PANT
PANT!



I SURE COULD
USE A QUIET LITTLE
VACATION FROM
THEM!



SAY! WHY DON'T
I GO TO THE
CITY?

WHERE ALL
THE PEOPLE
LIVE!

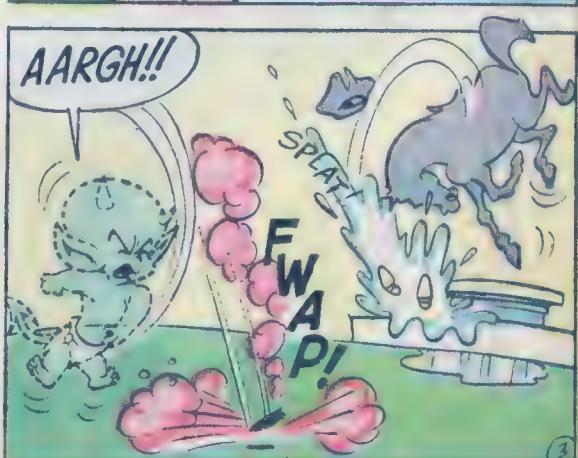
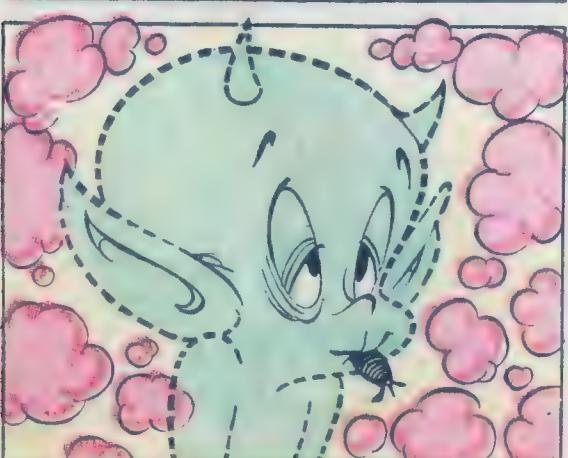
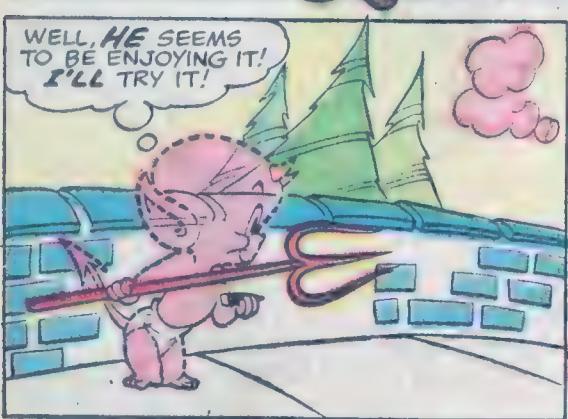
SNAP!

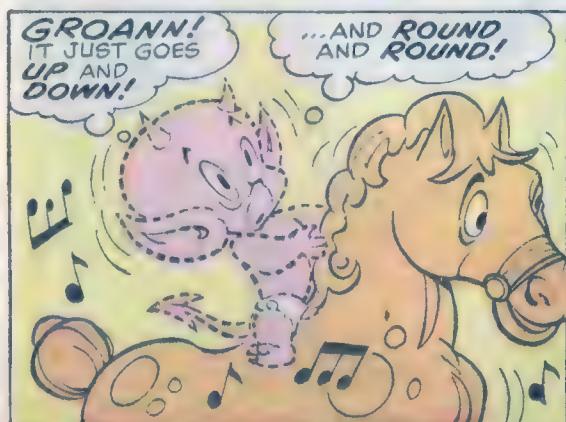
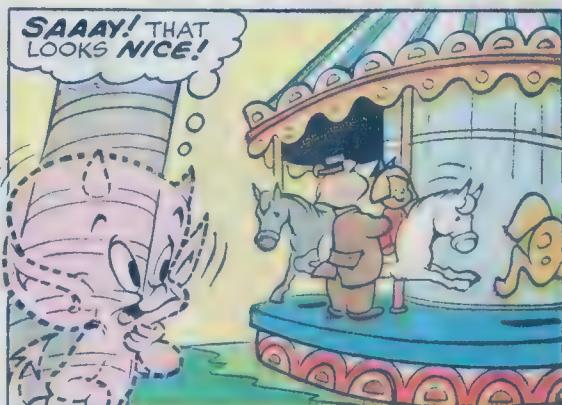
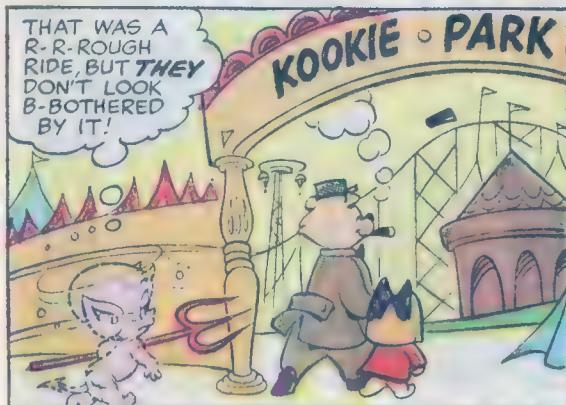


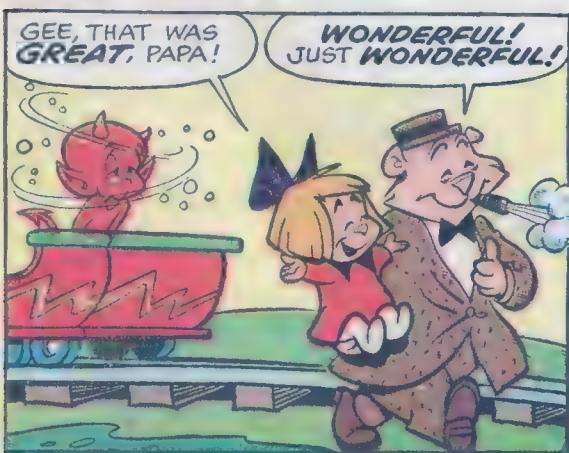
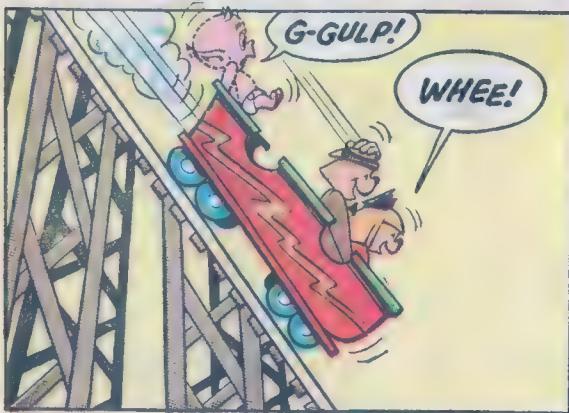
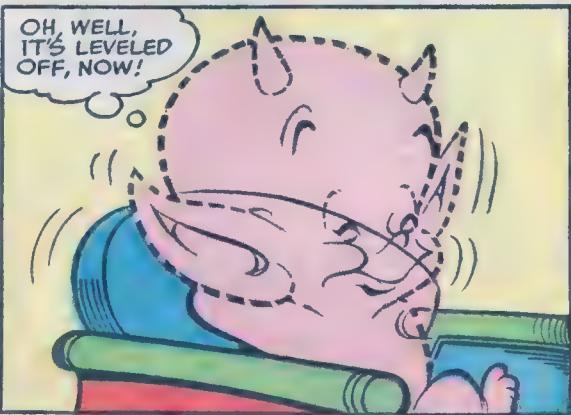
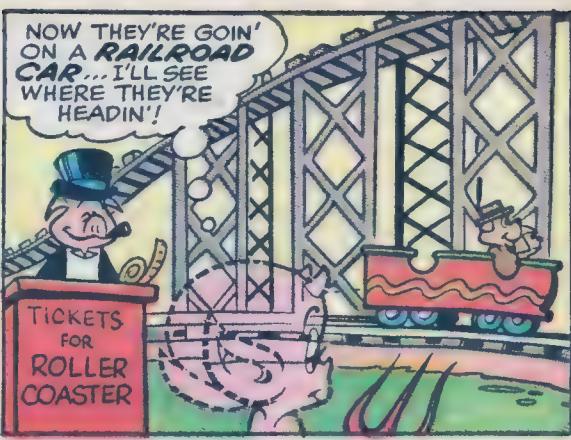
THEY KNOW HOW TO
LIVE IN PEACE
AND QUIET!











SAWYERS
Tru-Vue
Playtime Theatre

Casper
Cartoon Theatre

CASPER and friends
 140 full color pictures
 GENUINE ELECTRIC PROJECTOR

STORYBOOK
 STUAR
 HOT STUFF
 WENDY
 LITTLE AUDREY

\$10.95

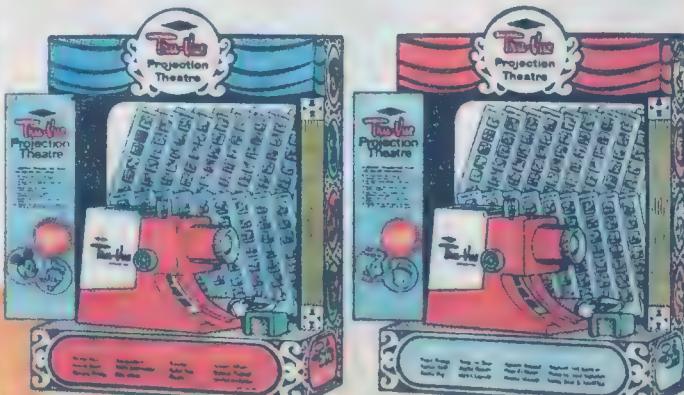
DEALER'S PRICE

Tru-Vue
 PROJECTOR

©Harvey Famous Cartoons

Enjoy "Casper" shows on Tru-Vue Electric Projection Theatre!

Fun for you and your friends! Project your own Casper stories in full-color big pictures with the Sawyer's electric TRU-VUE Projection Theatre outfit! Safe, U. L. approved projector plugs into household outlet, includes theatre screen and 140 full-color pictures. Other cartoon subjects also available! Exciting picture fun, completely safe, built to last! See quality TRU-VUE at department, drug, variety and toy stores. Complete projector, screen and pictures, less than \$11.



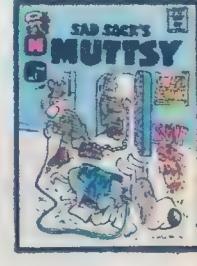
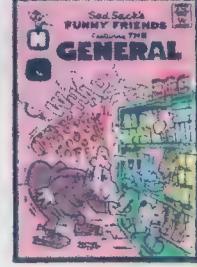
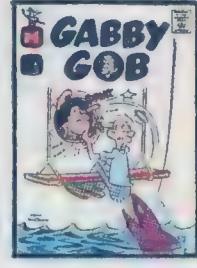
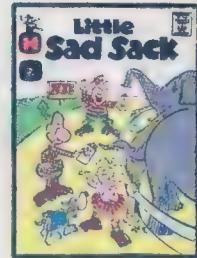
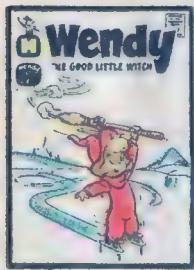
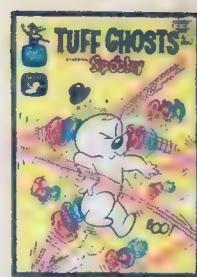
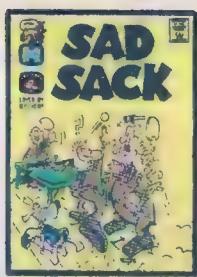
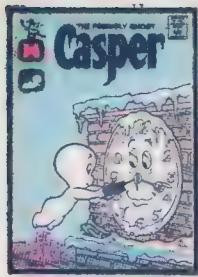
SAWYERS

Tru-Vue

Portland, Oregon 97207

Walt Disney Theatre
 ©Walt Disney Productions

Bugs Bunny Theatre
 ©Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.



LUCKY CHARMS

NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH
MARSHMALLOW BITS IN LUCKY SHAPES!

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...
SIMPLY CHARMIN'



I'M A FRIENDLY GHOST

Casper

The Friendly Ghost

Casper

(The Friendly Ghost)

GE-TAR



THE LOVABLE STAR OF MOVIES, AND COMIC BOOKS... CASPER - THE FRIENDLY GHOST - REALLY TALKS! JUST PULL THE MAGIC RING AND HEAR HIM SAY ONE OF 11 DIFFERENT GHOSTLY SAYINGS - SUCH AS, "I'M A FRIENDLY GHOST", "I LIKE YOUOO-O-OOO-O", ETC. YOU NEVER KNOW WHICH ONE HE'LL SAY NEXT.

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR STORE



TURN THE CRANK
AND IT PLAYS
THE MATTY'S
FUNDAY FUNNIES
TV SONG

IF IT'S MATTEL IT'S SWELL!



HAVE FUN!

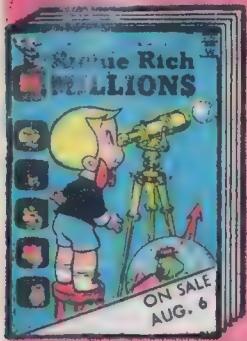
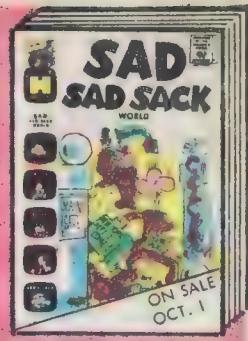
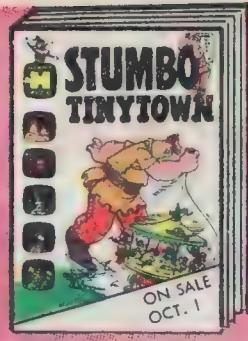
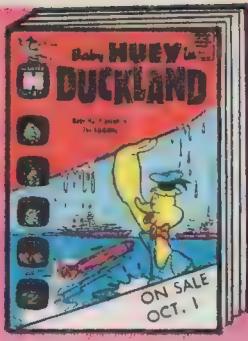


HAVE FUN! — build a complete city with PLASTICVILLE U.S.A. the original plastic village.

The snap-fit easy to assemble items are available in "O" and "HO" Gauge at your favorite store.



MFG. BY BACHMANN BROS. — EST. 1843 — PHILA. 24 — U.S.A.

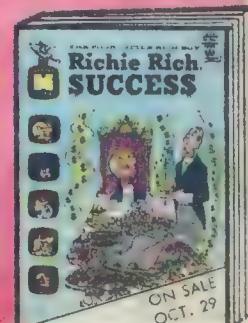
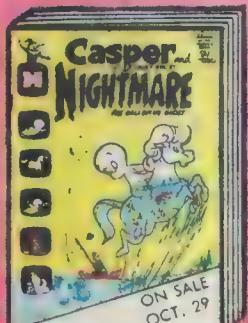
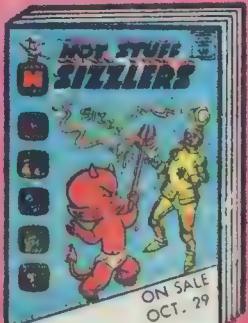
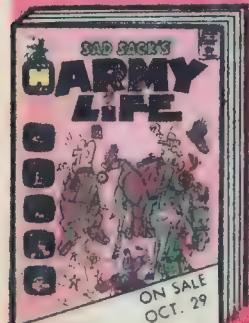


HERE ARE
THE GIANT
HARVEY COMICS
NOW ON SALE!

EVERY ONE
DIFFERENT!

MORE STORIES!
MORE ENTERTAINMENT!
YOU'LL READ THEM ALL,
AND KEEP THEM...
TO READ THEM...
AGAIN AND AGAIN!!

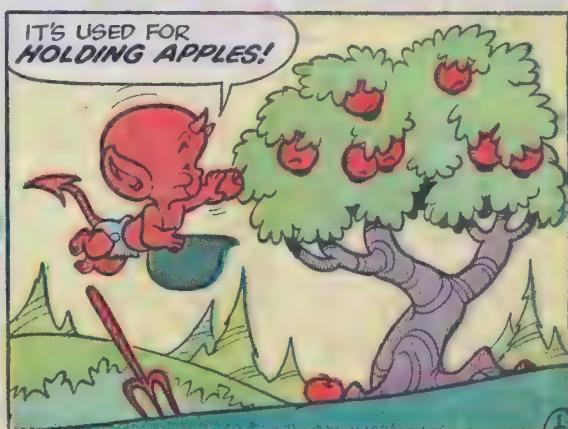
...HURRY! GET
YOUR COPIES!

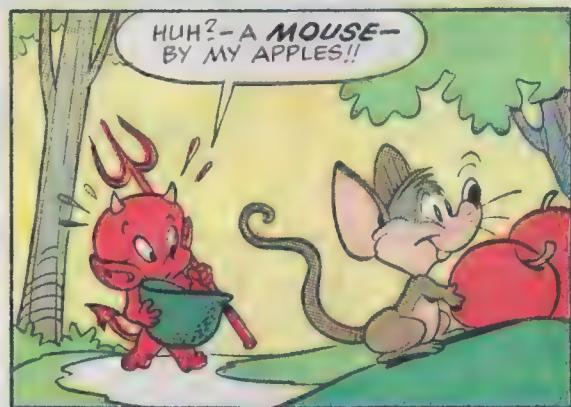


HOT STUFF® IN THE THING

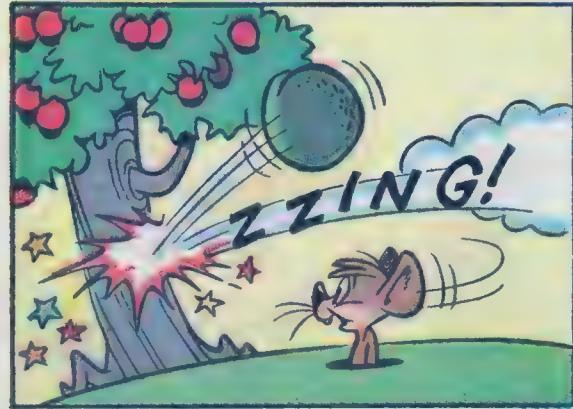
THE LITTLE DEVIL

NEVER KNOW
WHAT I MIGHT
FIND IN A PLACE
LIKE THIS!











THE NAME'S THE SAME

It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and Mary Ellen skipped gaily out of the house to play. Not that the sunshine alone accounted for her gaiety. Mary Ellen was happy and gay even when it rained. And why shouldn't she have been? She had a wonderful mother and a wonderful father, both of whom she dearly loved and who loved her. She lived in a pretty white house on a shady, tree-lined street. She had a sandbox and a bicycle of her own, and several dolls besides. She had lots of nice clothes, plenty of good food, a room all to herself . . . in short, she had anything and everything that would make a little girl happy. Small wonder that she hummed a lilting little tune to herself that bright spring day.

Then she caught sight of another child, a girl about her own age, and she stopped humming abruptly. The girl was just standing there, staring, and saying nothing.

"Hello," Mary Ellen said a bit uncertainly. "You must be new in the neighborhood. What's your name?"

"We just moved in to our new house yesterday," the other girl replied. "It's right down this block. My name is Mary Ellen."

"Don't be silly!" gasped Mary Ellen. "I'M Mary Ellen!"

"How can YOU be Mary Ellen," argued the other, "when I'M Mary Ellen? I don't think your joke is a bit funny!"

"Joke? What joke?" Mary Ellen demanded. "I tell you I'M Mary Ellen McKay!"

"Well, I'M Mary Ellen Logan!" the new girl announced defiantly. "I guess I ought to know my own name!"

"You ought to, but you don't!" snapped Mary Ellen, thoroughly out of patience now. "Goodbye!" And turning on her heel, she stormed back up the walk to her house and slammed the door behind her when she went in.

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked, catching sight of her angry face. "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, Mother!" Suddenly, Mary Ellen's lips began to tremble, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Some little girl is trying to be me!" she wailed, burying her face in her mother's shoulder. And then the whole story came pouring out.

Mrs. McKay didn't laugh out loud, but her eyes were dancing with fun as she pulled her daughter on to her lap. "Look, dear," she explained carefully, "the little girl was telling you the truth. Lots of people have the same name, but they're still different people. You're Mary Ellen MCKAY, and she's Mary Ellen LOGAN, so you're two different Mary Ellens. See?"

Mary Ellen did see then, and suddenly she began to giggle. "She'll have to call me McKay, and I'll call her Logan, or we're going to get awfully mixed-up!" she laughed. "In fact, I think I'll go tell her that right now!" And still giggling, she wriggled off her mother's lap and hurried outside where she knew she was about to make a brand-new friend!

HI, KIDS! LOOK FOR ME IN EVERY HARVEY COMIC IN THE TOP LEFT CORNER!

HARVEY COMICS

NOW ON SALE-ASK FOR HARVEY COMICS AT YOUR DEALER!

the **HERO**

This was Tommy's big day. His baseball team, the Wildcats, were playing their most important game of the season, and Glenda, Tommy's new girl friend, was sitting on the side watching the game.

The teams were warming up and Tommy proudly protected his territory in left field. Every now and then, he'd take a quick look behind third base where Glenda was sitting. She clapped loudly at every catch Tommy made, and this made him feel even prouder.

But then it was time for . . .

"Play ball!"

The opposing team, the Rangers, were first to bat and they went out without getting a hit.

The Wildcats had a man on third with two out when Tommy came in to bat. He struck out on three pitches, and wouldn't dare look Glenda's way.

The game went without anyone scoring for six innings. During that time, Tommy caught five fly balls. Each time he returned the ball to the infield, he glanced at Glenda. She was always smiling.

But Tommy also came to bat twice more. One time he popped the ball to the shortstop. The second time, with the bases loaded, Tommy struck out again. No, he couldn't look at Glenda then.

The Rangers scored two runs in the top of the seventh inning. But the Wildcats tied the score in their half. Tommy didn't get to bat that inning, and was very glad for it.

"I'm really humiliated," Tommy told himself as he fielded his position in the eighth inning. "She must be ashamed of me today. Oh, why did I have to ask her to watch me play!"

He got his last chance to bat in the ninth inning, and he had his chance to be a hero. The bases were loaded with one out when he stepped up to the plate. All he had to do was knock in the run in any way and the game would be over.

But Tommy received only three pitches. He swung at all of them, and hit only air. This sure was the end.

He was so disgusted he didn't even realize the man from third had stolen home on the last pitch. It was minutes later, when he woke up to the happy shouting, that he found out the Wildcats had won, 3-2.

But even that didn't make him feel happy. There was still Glenda to contend with, and she was at his side now.

"Oh, Tommy," she was shouting. "I was so proud of you today. You made my first baseball game a thrilling experience. To think, you were so good that you didn't have to make a fool of yourself running around those bases. All you had to do was swing!"

Tommy gave a surprised smile, and never said a word. This was no time to argue.

CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST IS LOVED BY MILLIONS OF YOU, HIS READERS!

EVERY WONDERFUL ISSUE IS PACKED WITH HIS BEST STORIES THAT YOU WILL READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

YOU'LL LOVE OUR WONDERFUL FRIENDS...



CASPER



WENDY



WHOOPIE

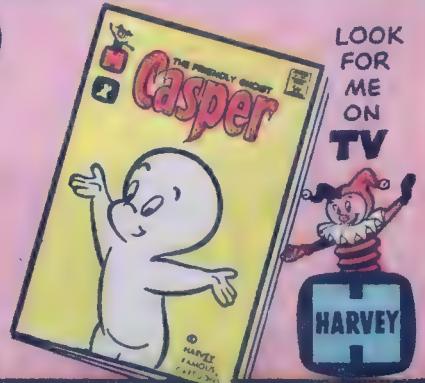


GHOSTLY TRIO



NIGHTMARE

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT CASPER AND HAVE EVERY BIG ISSUE! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!



STUMBO the Giant

IN THE WANDERING HAT

zzzzzzzz

WOOSH....

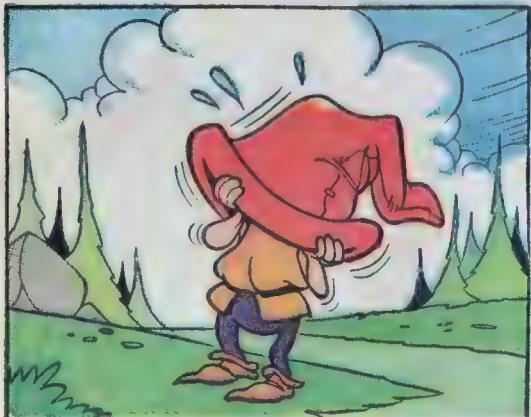
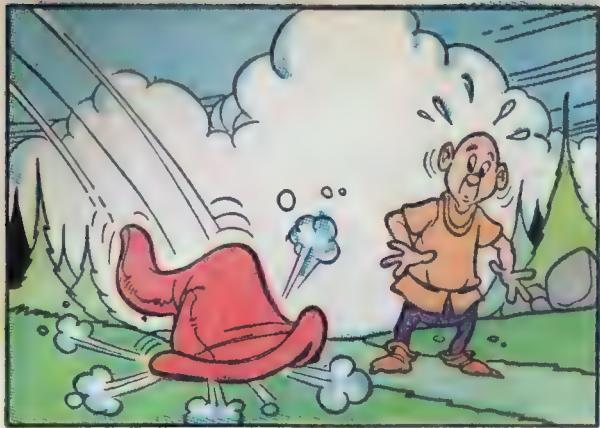


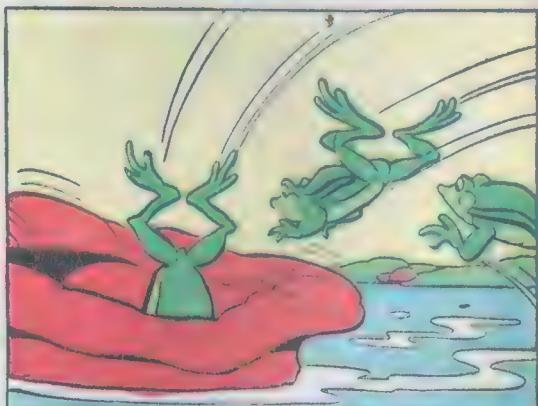
WOOSH...

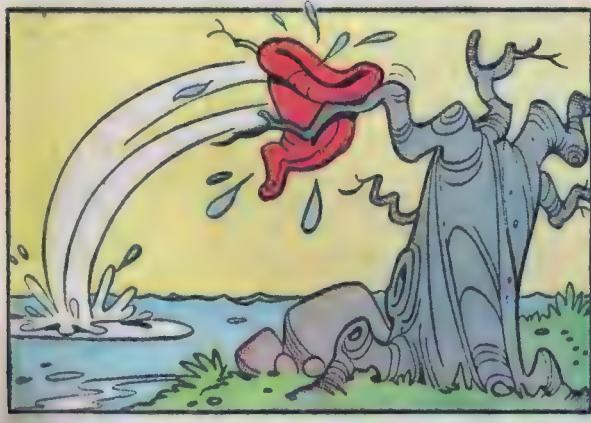
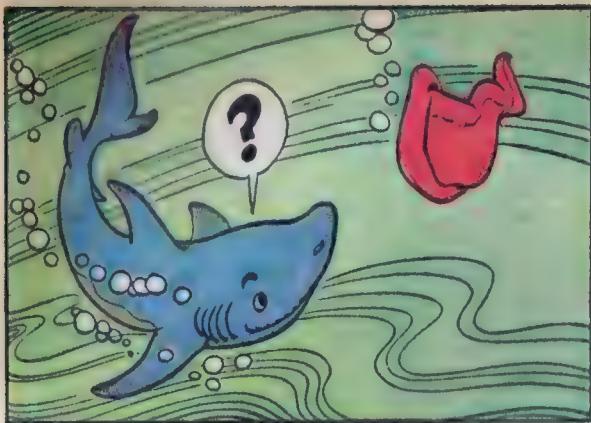


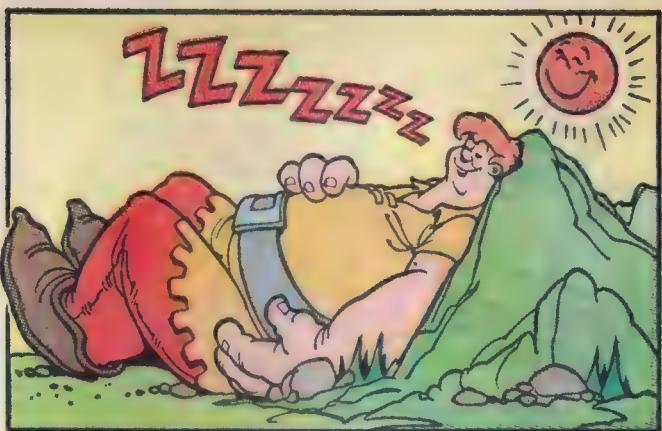
PLOP!











**BOYS Here's a Swell Way to
Make \$1 to \$5 WEEKLY
in your spare time
—and WIN DANDY PRIZES TOO!**

Over 30,000
Boys — 12 or
older

GRIT sells
for 15¢
YOU MAKE

**5¢ PROFIT
on every
copy**

Sell GRIT

"America's
Greatest
Family
Newspaper"

Besides getting lots of spending money and winning prizes, selling GRIT gives boys valuable business training which will help them become successful men. Many of today's leaders sold GRIT during their boyhood.

GRIT will help you get started in a profitable business of your own. We will send you papers. You pay ONLY for those you sell until you know how many to order. You will also receive easy-to-understand selling helps. You'll find selling GRIT easy and fun.

Print Name and Address

GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.
Start me in as a GRIT salesman

HC-25

Name Age Date Born Year

In care of Street or R. D. Post Office

Are You a Boy? State

Please Print Your Last Name Plainly Below

Hurry!
If you are a boy
12 or older

SEND THIS COUPON

NOW
in an envelope or pasted on a postcard

**...AND HERE COMES
HARVEY FILMS**



LOOK FOR US
ON T.V.!
CHECK THE CHANNEL
IN YOUR LOCAL
NEWSPAPER!

© HARVEY FAMOUS CARTOONS

Casper

THE FRIENDLY GHOST
and Company



ALBANY, N. Y.	WRGB
AMARILLO, TEX.	KGNC
AMHERST, MASS.	WLDS
ATLANTA, GA.	WALL
BALTIMORE, MD.	WBAL
BANFF, ALBERTA	WJZ
BEDFORD, MASS.	WBZ
BELLEVUE, MONT.	WBFI
BOISE, IDAHO	WTVB
BOSTON, MASS.	WBZ-TV
BURLINGAME, CALIF.	WBFL
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA	WBFO
CHARLOTTE, N. C.	WBFS
CHICAGO, ILL.	WBFO
CHICO, CALIF.	WBFT
CINCINNATI, OHIO	WBFS
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.	WBFT
DALLAS, TEX.	WBFT
DAYTON, OHIO	WBFT
DENVER, COLOR.	WBFT
Detroit, Mich.	WBFT
DURHAM, N.C.	WBFT
EL PASO, TEX.	WBFT
FLINT, MICH.	WBFT

FT. WORTH, TEX.	WSAP
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	WKZO-TV
GREAT FALLS, MONT.	KRTV
GREENVILLE, S. C.	WLDS
HALIFAX, N. S., CAN.	CJCH
HARRISBURG, PA.	WTPA
HOLYOKE, MASS.	WWLP
HONOLULU, HAWAII	JEJME
HOUSTON, TEX.	KTKM
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	WLW-I
JACKSON, MICH.	WJIM-TV
KALAMAZOO, MICH.	WKZO-TV
KANSAS CITY, MO.	WDAF
KNOXVILLE, TENN.	WBIR
LANSING, MICH.	WFTA
LEHIGH VALLEY, PA.	WJIM-TV
LIBERATION, PA.	WTFA
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	KTVI
LYNCHBURG, VA.	WHAS-TV
MARSHFIELD, WIS.	KED
MARSHFIELD, TENN.	WBIA-TV
MARSHFIELD, TENN.	WISI
MARSHFIELD, TENN.	WBIB
MARSHFIELD, TENN.	WBID

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	WTCN
NASHVILLE, TENN.	WSH-TV
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	WVUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.	WNEW
OAKLAND, CALIF.	KPIX
ODESSA, TEX.	KMD
ODEN, UTAH	KCPX
OMAHA, NEBR.	KETV
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	WFIL
PHOENIX, ARIZ.	KPHO
PITTSBURG, PA.	WILC
POLAND SPRINGS, ME.	WCFS
PORTLAND, ME.	WCFS
PORTLAND, ORE.	KPTV
PROVO, UTAH	KCPK
RALEIGH, N. C.	WRAL
REDDING, CALIF.	KHSL
ROANOKE, VA.	WLVA-TV
ROME, N. Y.	WKTV
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.	KXTV
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	KCPX
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.	KPIX
SCHEECTON, N. Y.	WRGB
SCRANTON, PA.	WBRE

SEATTLE, WASH.	KIRO
SHREVEPORT, LA.	KTAL
SOUTH BEND, IND.	WINDU-TV
SPARTANBURG, S. C.	WLDS
SPokane, Wash.	KREM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	WWLP
ST. LOUIS, MO.	KTVI
ST. PAUL, MINN.	WTCA
STOCKTON, CALIF.	KXTV
TACOMA, WASH.	KIRO
TERRE HAUTE, IND.	WTI
TEXARKANA, TEX.	KTAL-TV
TROY, N. Y.	WRGB
TULSA, OKLA.	KTUL
UTICA, N. Y.	KTVT
WASHINGTON, D. C.	KSYD
WATERLOO, IOWA	WBRE
WICHITA FALLS, TEX.	KJAY
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	WIKST
WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.	WTPA
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	KIVA
YORK, PA.	KYMA
YUMA, ARIZ.	KYMA

"EVERYBODY NEEDS A CADET BIKE SPEEDOMETER!"



CADET...AMERICA'S "MOS-T-WANTED" CHRISTMAS GIFT

- Big, easy-to-read dial; green numbers, bright orange pointer
- Shockproof—weatherproof
- Fits all bikes
- Shows speeds up to 50 mph
- Records distances up to 10,000 miles

"It's fun to know how far—how fast you go..."

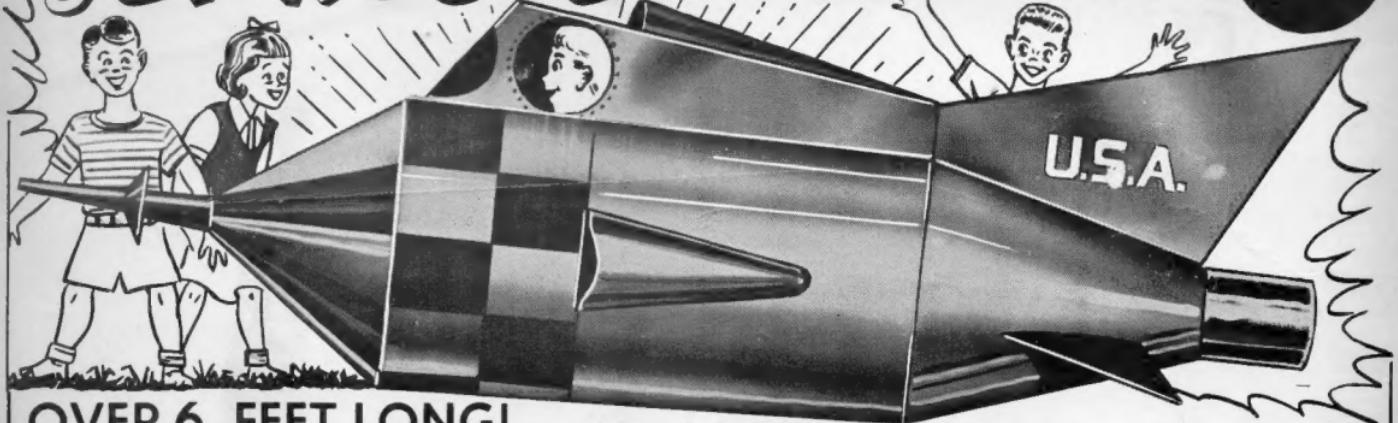
Ask for a Cadet
for Christmas!

STEWART-WARNER
INSTRUMENT division

Dept. QQ-15, 1840 Diversey Pkwy., Chicago 60614



JET "ROCKET" SPACE SHIP! \$4.98



OVER 6 FEET LONG!



Space Explorer Wenderscope
All-in-One instrument for navigating in space, on the moon, or on earth. It's a telescope, a microscope, binoculars, directional compass, fire lighter, code transmitter, and lots more.

2-Way Communication Set
Space Phones. You can talk back and forth (and from room to room) — as far as the long string will reach. Your phone works automatically by voice power vibrating diaphragms.



CONTROL LEVERS THAT WORK!

Imagine a streamlined Space Ship big enough to hold a child... How thrilled he'll be as he checks his antenna screen, consults his star map of space and Blasts Off! How important he'll look as he works his disintegrator gun and bomb bay doors, going forward and backward, banking left and right to return victorious from his conquests of space. Stimulates scientific interest. Sturdily constructed of brightly colored

Features

- Over 6 foot long, seats child inside
- Working instrument control levers • Hinged cockpit
- Astro star map • Jet exhaust tube • Retractable nose cannon



ELECTRICALLY-LIT INSTRUMENT PANEL INCLUDES

- Retractable Nose Cannon
- Altimeter
- Jet Steering Levers
- Radar Screen
- Bomb Sight
- Disintegrator Gun Sight
- Oxygen Control
- Atomic Fuel Gauges
- Air Speed Indicator

fiberboard, it's on 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. If not 100% delighted, return for refund. Only \$4.98 (because of its enormous size we are forced to ask for 63¢ shipping charges.) C.O.D. orders shipped \$4.98 plus postage.

Honor House Products Corp.,
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N.Y. Dept. SS-43

Rush my "Jet Rocket" Space Ship on 10 Day Free Trial for only \$4.98. If I am not completely delighted, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$4.98 plus postage.
 I enclose \$4.98 plus 63¢ postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

**10 DAY
FREE
TRIAL**

"It's a Daisy"



Model 99 Target Special.
Approved National Rifle Association trainer.
50-shot repeater, with sling.....about \$16.50



Model 1894
is a 40-shot lever-action "Spittin' Image" of the
rifle that won the West.....about \$14.50



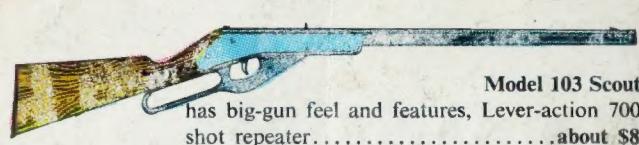
Model 25 Pump Gun
takes down for easy storage and carrying. Pump-
action 50-shot repeater.....about \$12.50



Model 95 Woodstock
is DAISY's 700-shot B.B. Gun version of a
modern sporting rifle.....about \$10.50



Model 111 Western Carbine
has simulated silver engraving. Lever-action 700
shot repeater.....about \$9.50



Model 103 Scout
has big-gun feel and features. Lever-action 700
shot repeater.....about \$8



Model 102 Cub .
Lever-action 500-shot repeater with durable
wood-grained stock.....about \$5.98

.....side-action
.....about \$18

Hint: Just draw a circle around your favorite DAISY B.B. Gun, and leave this page next to Dad's place at the table sometime between now and Christmas. If we know Pop, he'll be as excited as you when you open that package on Christmas morning.

Daisy®

B.B. Gun Division

Daisy Manufacturing Company • Rogers, Arkansas 72756 • (In Canada: Preston, Ontario)

QUIET RIOT

METAL HEALTH

